

Blue Quill

queens college
october, 1955



IN THIS ISSUE

Page

NEWS ARTICLES	
Graduates of '55	4
Changes in the Business Office	4
Fall School of Religion	4
Scholarship Awards	5
Plans of Panhellenic Council	5
Q.C.A. Promotes New Program	6
Freshman Help Week	6
Orientation Week	7
Well-Known Author to Lecture at Queens	9
Former Members of the Faculty	30
FEATURES	
WHO'S WHO Selections	5
Eighteen Added to Faculty and Staff	3
Queens Questionnaire	7
Summer Experiences of Queens Students	9
For All Poetry Enthusiasts	11
EDITORIALS	
Queens to Reach Century Mark	10
Welcome, Class of 1959	10
An Opportunity to Speak	10
A Note of Appreciation	11
STUDENT OPINION: The Platform	
Concerning the Library	11
Why Have Commissions?	11
HUMOR	
A Letter to a Freshman . . . Betty McGeachy	19
SKETCH	
Not the Only Visit . . . Sylvia Stuart	25
ESSAY	
A Freshman Speaks . . . Catherine Ramsey	15
SHORT STORIES	
A Pair of Shoes . . . Kit Bernhard	21
Truck Stop . . . Mary Ann Dover	27
POETRY	
Soul's Emotion . . . Libby Gunn	6
Contrast . . . Caroline McIlwaine	16
Tree . . . Peggy Brice	16
Do Well His Will . . . Libby Gunn	16
Beneath the Storm . . . Emmie Alexander	16
Destiny? . . . Barbara Kelca	17
Invitation . . . Libby Gunn	17
Sophomores Modernize Chaucer . . . Sharlene Morris; Sarah Carpenter; Betty Gray	17
BOOK REVIEWS	
Worth Your While . . . Gary Brady	12
England's First Great Writer, <i>Chaucer</i> , G. K. Chesterton; Sharlene Morris	12
Good Day, Sadness, <i>Bonjour Tristesse</i> , Francoise Sagan; Margaret Dick	12
Story of Flora Macdonald, <i>The Scotswoman</i> , Inglis Fletcher; Jackie Rolston	13
A New Look at the South, <i>The View from Pompey's Head</i> , Hamilton Basso; Emmie Alexander	13

The Blue Quill OCT., 19

staff

Editor-in-Chief Sylvia Stuart

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Chess Duckwall
Advertising Manager Judy Anderson
Assistant Stella Dross
Circulation Manager Mitzi Green
Assistants Susan Blondell, Shoko Yoshikane,
Ruth Nickolaus

LITERARY STAFF

Editor Mary Ann Dover
Short Story Editor Shirley Shipp
Poetry Editor Emmie Alexander
Book Review Editor Gary Brady
Typists Julia Crews, Ramona Price,
Ann Hayes, Margaret Gary

NEWS STAFF

Editor Caroline McIlwaine
Reporters: Elaine James, Mary Moore Mason, Evelyn Copeland,
Betty Murchison, Kitty Sue Faulconer, Mitzi Green, Marjory
Carter, Susan Blondell, Carolyn Heffner, Sara Ann Smith,
Frances Ramsey, Patsy Williams.
Typists Ann Duckwall, Beth Lowdermilk, Katie Jo Caddell
Photography Editor Nelda Clements
Photographer Betty McGeachy

MAKE-UP STAFF

Editor Mary Louise Duffie
Assistants Cynthia Blue, Nelda Clements, Susan Sharpe
Staff Artist Lindsay Marshall
Advisers Miss Laura Tillett, Miss Mildred Miscally,
Dr. L. Harris Chewning

Eighteen Added to Queens Faculty and Staff

Eighteen new members have been added to the faculty and staff of Queens College this year. They are: Mrs. Anne Kluttz Alexander, teacher of children's piano; Mrs. Ingrid Mundy Alexander, resident nurse; Miss Elizabeth Black, associate professor of education; Mr. Ernst Braun, assistant professor of German and Latin; Mrs. Carol H. East, part-time instructor in business administration; Dr. Clyde H. Farnsworth, professor of education; Mr. Don Farquharson, business manager and treasurer; Mr. Charles O. Hadley, assistant professor of speech; Miss Patricia Laird, admissions counselor; Mrs. Ruth Rogers Magher, instructor in physical education; Miss Grace Van Ness, secretary in the evening-college office; Miss Ann Parker, secretary in the business office; Miss Jean Roddey, secretary in the office of the registrar and admissions; Mr. Robert W. Shaw, director of the evening college; Dr. George A. Stegner, professor of music; Dr. Phyllis W. Stevens, associate professor of psychology; Miss Sarah Ann Stevens, assistant resident nurse; and Mrs. Sarah M. West, instructor in business administration.

Mrs. Anne Alexander is a 1954 graduate of Hollins, where she received an A.B. degree and was awarded the Bentley Nicholson Prize in music at the time of her graduation. She has been doing private teaching for the past few months. Her sister, Jane Kluttz, is a freshman at Queens.

Mrs. Ingrid Alexander comes to Queens from Memorial Hospital, where she has worked. She is a graduate of Presbyterian Hospital and has completed one year of work at Elon College. Mary Alexander, a senior, is her daughter.

Miss Black attended Woman's College in Greensboro and received her A.B. degree there and Columbia University, where she received her Master's degree. Further graduate study was done at Northwestern University. In addition to her experience as teacher and supervisor in public schools, she was assistant professor of elementary education at East Tennessee College and at



First row, left to right: Miss Van Ness, Miss Parker, Miss Roddey. Second row: Miss Black, Miss Stevens, Mrs. Magher, Mrs. East, Mrs. Alexander, Dr. Stevens. Third row: Dr. Brown, Dr. Farnsworth, Dr. Hadley, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Farquharson.

Catawba College. She supervises the elementary education program and also is in charge of remedial reading for students.

Mr. Braun has been a member of the faculties of the University of Wisconsin and the University of Tennessee, having received the A.B. and M.A. degrees from the former university. He is currently working on the Ph.D. degree, having completed course requirements and begun work on his dissertation.

Mrs. East attended Woman's College, where she received her B.S. degree. She has been teaching at the National School of Commerce here in Charlotte.

Dr. Farnsworth received his B.S. from Tennessee State Teachers College, A.B. from Union University, Jackson, Tennessee, M.A. from Ohio State University, M.S. from Mississippi State College, and Ed.D. from Duke University. He has held numerous positions in schools in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Delaware.

Mr. Farquharson is a native of Kansas and holds a B.S. degree from Kansas State Teachers College. He was with the Midwest Film Distributors and Fox Midwest Theatres until 1934 and has had previous experience in his field at the Municipal University of Wichita, Kansas, Mississippi School of Mines and Metallurgy, American University, and Florida State University.

Mr. Hadley graduated from Davidson College with an A.B. degree, obtained his M.A. in dramatic art at the University of North Carolina, did graduate work in English at Duke, and is now completing his Ph.D. in comparative literature at the University of North Carolina. As recipient of the Fulbright scholarship, he studied and received practical experience in the field of theatre in France and England. He has also worked with dramatic programs at Transylvania Music Camp and has served as a member of the staff and cast of "The Lost Colony" in Manteo, N. C.

A recent graduate of Queens who is now admissions counselor is Pat Laird from Panama City, Florida. Pat graduated with an A.B. degree in 1955.

Mrs. Magher, a previous physical education instructor at Queens, graduated from Woman's College with a B.S. degree and did graduate studies at Johns Hopkins University and the University of North Carolina. She has also taught physical education at Louisburg Junior College and William and Mary and is a member of the American Red Cross National Aquatic School staffs.

Miss Van Ness comes from Wachovia Bank and Trust Company, where she was Time Payment Secretary. She attended the University of Georgia and Georgia State College for Women.

(Continued on page 20)

GRADUATES OF '55

The 1955 Queens graduates have begun to assume their respective places in the communities of our nation. They are at work in a variety of activities as they serve their communities.

Six of the Queens graduates are furthering their education. Mary McLaney is attending the General Assembly's Training School in Richmond, Va., and Mildred Reid is studying at the University of Indiana in Bloomington, Ind. At Florida State University Martha Brackett and Marian Sykes are continuing their studies in the field of chemistry. Irene Williams is a part-time instructor in mathematics and a graduate student at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, while Edward Wells is attending the New Orleans Baptist Seminary in New Orleans, La.

A number of Queens girls are now engaged in teaching careers. Seven of last spring's graduates are employed by the Charlotte City School System. Jackie Jetton is teaching at Sedgefield Junior High, while Adelaide Clark is an elementary teacher at the Elizabeth School. Merry Oaks School has Ann Currie as one of its elementary teachers, and Ann Flowe is teaching second grade at the Chantilly School. Emilia Hutchinson is teaching at Dilworth School, and Katheryn Myers is employed at the Midwood School. At Piedmont Junior High School Pat Rhodes is a commercial teacher. Caroline Love is teaching mathematics at the Charlotte Country Day School, while the Mecklenburg County School System has employed Amanda Adams at the West Mecklenburg High School as an English teacher. Elizabeth Camp is also working as a teacher for Mecklenburg County. In Winston-Salem Ada Lee McAuley, Mary Lois Ridings, and Elizabeth Lucas are teaching in the public schools. Nell Bush is in Augusta, where she is teaching English; and Brandon Taylor is teaching math in the Junior High School in Colorado Springs, Col. In Kinston, Betty Cross and Florence Pearson are teaching English in the Public School System. Ann Mauldin is also an English teacher, and she is employed by the Halifax County High School in South Boston, Virginia.

In the nursing field Eleanor Collard is working at the Columbus Receiving Hospital which is a part of Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio. Nancy Johnston is also a nurse now, and Mrs. Carolyn Newton Headen is nursing at Memorial Hospital. In the medical technology field Enola Thomas is working at Anderson Memorial Hospital in Belton, S. C.

Others of the class of 1955 are engaged in various activities. Charles Armstrong is employed by the Davis Engineering Company of Charlotte as a surveyor. Jane Basinger is also in Charlotte, where she is a social worker. At WBTV Mary Bradley is working as a continuity writer. Marianne Gills is employed as a mathematician at the Ordnance Mission White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico. Here at Queens Pat Laird and Ann Parker are working in two of the offices, as admissions counselor and as secretary, respectively. Sally Williams is doing personnel work with the American Trust Company of Charlotte. Two Queens graduates are employed by the F.B.I.—Jean Phillips Barnes and Harold Brown. Working as Assistant Home Economics Demonstration Agents are Ara Brown and Jackie Fitzgerald. Ara is in Roanoke Rapids, N. C., and Jackie is working in York, S. C. Mary Lou Johnston is a secretary for the American Trust Company, and Charis Julian is working for Stone

& Holliday at the Charlotte Municipal Airport. As a music librarian, Carolyn LeGette is working with WBTV in Charlotte. Housewives include Anita D. Bultman, Jane S. Craig, Pat D. Bohan, Gloria G. McAlister, Peggy C. Johnston, Helen M. Hambrick, Carolyn M. Ireland, Phyllis S. Thacker, Catherine McSwain, Elizabeth S. Allen, Faith Sinkoe, and Louise H. Callaghan.

E. C.

Changes in the Business Office

Several changes have been made in the business office during the summer and early fall. These changes have come in the staff, the physical aspects of the office, and the banking hours. Mr. Don Farquharson is the new business manager of the college, and he is assisted by his secretary, Miss Ann Parker, a 1955 Queens graduate.

A window has been built into the wall facing the main hall of Burwell. This new feature enables students to transact business without having to go into the office. The banking hours have been extended. The bank is now open on Monday through Friday from ten until twelve in the morning and from two to four in the afternoon. On Saturday the bank is not open. With these new additions the business office seeks to give better service and convenience to the students.

—M. C.

Fall School of Religion

The annual Fall School of Religion sponsored by the Queens-Charlotte Leadership Program began Tuesday, October 18, and will continue for six consecutive Tuesday nights. This year the school will be held at Covenant Presbyterian Church.

Miss Summers Tarlton, associate professor of religion at Queens College and dean of the school, has announced that fifteen courses will be offered. Three of these courses will be taught each Tuesday morning.

The morning courses and their instructors are: "Use of the Bible with Children," Mrs. Charles W. White, Jr.; "Two Year Old Nursery," Miss Adeline Hill; "Three Year Old Nursery," Mrs. Leonard Wilmot. The evening courses and teachers are: "Studies in Isaiah," Dr. Ernest Lee Stoffel; "The Life of Christ," the Rev. Sam Maloney; "Paul in Galatians," the Rev. Priestly Conyers; "Church and Human Relations," the Rev. Joseph Kellerman; "Our Protestant Heritage," Dr. John R. Brokhoff; "I Believe," Dr. Robert Poerschke; "Ways of Teaching," Miss Eva Harris; "Plans of the Church for Kindergarten Children," Miss Kate Crowell; "Plans of the Church for Primary Children," Miss Virginia Neely; "Plans of the Church for Juniors," Mrs. Robert Fultz; "Youth At Worship," Miss Eubank Taylor; "Young Adults Work in the Church," the Rev. James A. Clemmer.

These courses have been planned for every member of the church, parents, young people, and leaders. Students may obtain copies of the program and enrollment cards from Miss Tarlton at Queens College.

—B. W. M.

WHO'S WHO Selections

Ten seniors have been selected to represent Queens College in *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities*. Their selection is based upon leadership, character, scholarship, and citizenship.

The following students have been chosen for this honor: Margaret Brice, Chester, S. C.; Joyce Lee Burrier, Charlotte, N. C.; Margaret Chesterman Duckwall, Winchester, Va.; Elizabeth Ann Gunn, Perrine, Fla.; Mary Jo Patton, Charlotte, N. C.; Mary Jacqueline Rolston, Richmond, Va.; Jessie Nelson Scott, Cape Charles, Va.; William Worth Spearman, Jr., Charlotte, N. C.; Sylvia Catherine Stuart, Shelby, N. C.; and Anne Alphin Turpin, Lexington, Va.

Scholarship Awards

Many Queens students, both old and new, have received various types of scholarships this year. Among those scholarships awarded are the Board of Trustees Competitive Scholarships, the Ninniss Competitive Scholarship, the Loma Squires Scholarship, and the Presser Foundation Scholarship. In addition, many other honor and student aid scholarships have been awarded.

The Board of Trustees Competitive Scholarships are four-year scholarships offered each year to outstanding high-school seniors. Those students who received them this year are Jane W. Kluttz, Nancy Browning, Juliana Hawkins, and Alice Chatham. Jane is the daughter of Mrs. Lex Kluttz of Richmond, Va. She is a psychology major. Nancy is the daughter of Mrs. E. H. Browning of Raleigh, N. C. Juliana, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hawkins, is a music-education major from Caruthersville, Missouri. Alice is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Chatham of Atlanta, Ga.

The Ninniss Piano Scholarship is awarded each year to the junior or senior showing the most ability in that field. This year it was divided between Julia Mitchell of Florence, S. C., and Jean Miller of Charlotte.

Plans of Panhellenic Council

The Panhellenic Council of Queens College has begun making plans for another year. Again the Council is planning the usual activities it sponsors, but this year for the first time the activities of the Council are centering around a theme.

The theme for this year is "A Gracious Queen." The Council began presenting the theme to the school by sponsoring a freshman assembly on October 3. During this assembly the Council presented a fashion show pointing out what the well-dressed Queen wears where. Particular attention was paid in this meeting to the duties of the perfect hostess and the correct use of the various pieces of silver. Mary Anne Brown and Page Myers were responsible for this part of the program and for later setting a correct table in the dining room. Panhellenic Council hopes this year to make the Friday night coffees more enjoyable by having a holiday coffee each month. All organizations on the campus will have an opportunity to serve after-dinner coffee.

Rush Week first semester was held October 24-29. On October 23 each sorority held open house, and all students were invited to visit each house. Formal Rush began at 4:30 p.m. on October 24 and ended at 11:00 p.m. on October 29. All pledge services were held on October 30.

In an effort to make Panhellenic Workshop more valuable to the indi-

dual member and the sorority, the date has been changed to November 3. This year the Council has secured Mrs. Julia Fuqua Ober for its main speaker. Mrs. Ober is past National President of Kappa Delta Sorority and at the present time is serving as Panhellenic Delegate for that sorority.

Plans are under way for the annual progressive dinner which Panhellenic Council sponsors for the faculty to be held in November. Each sorority will serve a separate course, and the members of that sorority will serve as hostesses. All faculty members are invited to this dinner and are urged to bring their husbands and wives.

A need has long been seen on campus for the training of Hospitality Week-end hostesses. Panhellenic Council has volunteered to undertake this training for this year. The first training program was held in October. The Council will try to instruct the hostesses in all phases of their work so that they can show to their guests the real Queens.

Panhellenic Council is composed of a president and two members from each sorority—the president and a member at large. The members of the Council this year are: Marjory Carter, president; Anne Beckman, Louise Cannon, Mary Jack Rolston, Kitty Sue Faulconer, and Catherine Baker, delegates; and Page Myers, Frankie Compton, Mary Anne Brown, SuBette Shelby, Ruth Williams, sorority presidents. —M. C.

The Loma Squires Scholarship is given annually to a deserving student on the basis of scholastic achievement. It was awarded this year to Miriam Hinson of Mullins, S. C. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Travis Hinson and is majoring in public-school music.

The Presser Foundation Scholarship is an annual award based on the merit of the student as decided by the music faculty. This year Sara Bee Craig, a junior from Lancaster, S. C., received it.

The A.A.U.W. Scholarship was awarded to Mary Alexander, a history major from Charlotte. Mabel Baird, a freshman from Shelby, N. C., received a scholarship from the A.A.U.W. chapter of that city. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Baird and an elementary education major. Mary Jack Rolston was awarded the Everett Scholarship, and Barbara Minogue received the Quota Club Award.

Laura Prince received scholarships from the Charlotte chapter of the Queens Alumnae Association and from the Mecklenburg Presbytery Women of the Church. Laura, who is majoring in English and Bible, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Prince, Jr., of Charlotte. Evelyn Copelan, a junior from Mooresville, N. C., was given the Altrusa Award, and Jane Emery of Charlotte received the Carmen Carter Award. Linda Todd from Pittsburgh, Penn., was awarded the Panhellenic Scholarship. Jo Holland received the scholarship from the Queen Charlotte Chapter of the National Secretaries Association. The Van Every awards went to Dannie Baker of Lancaster, S. C., Betty Murchison of Concord, N. C., Jean Trueworthy of Sanford, N. C., Sally Bullock of Stovall, N. C., and Betsy Goodykoontz of Louisville, Ky.

—S. A. S.

Q. C. A. Promotes New Program

"The Queens Christian Association, a part of a world-wide Christian community united by a commitment to God through Jesus Christ, seeks to understand the will of God through worship, study, and action, and to realize it both in personal living and in working toward the Kingdom of God."

This is the purpose of Q.C.A., as stated in the student's handbook. In an effort to make this purpose a living aspect of each member's life, Q.C.A. is effecting a new organization plan for the year 1955-1956. The program is directed by the members of Q.C.A. cabinet.

Freshman Fellowship Clubs have been initiated, meeting at least twice a month for programs and discussions. Each club consists of a senior and a junior leader plus approximately twelve freshmen as members of the club. Problems of adjustment to campus life will be dealt with as well as various other subjects. Mary Jack Rolston is the co-ordinator of this year's clubs.

Six committees and five commissions comprise the remainder of the Q.C.A. cabinet. Both groups emphasize worship, study, and action. The former is mainly concerned with worship and action, the latter with worship and study.

The committees include those of Membership, Publicity, Finance, Fellowship, Chapel, and Spiritual Life. The duties respectively include presenting meaningful opportunities

to each person and recording members' talents and interests; publicizing the program of Q.C.A., deciding the sources of finances for various purposes, planning social events, planning chapel services, and conducting prayer meetings and special worship services.

The commissions include those of Christian Faith and Heritage, Personal and Campus Affairs, Social Responsibility, Community Service, and World Relatedness. These commissions study in their respective fields and present their results through vesper services, prayer meetings, and the work of the cabinet, of which the commission leaders are members.

The Christian Faith and Heritage study group seeks to make faith the vital core of each student's life; the Personal and Campus Affairs Commission endeavors to develop mature personal and campus relations and activities; the Social Responsibility members explore fields of economic and social obligations; the Community Service group seeks to develop awareness of community needs; and the World Relatedness Commission explores world affairs and United Nations' work.

Each member of Queens College—students, faculty, and staff—is a member of Q.C.A. and through this plan enables the purpose of the organization to be a living, working guide.

—Carolyn Heffner

Freshman Help Week



Freshman Help Week began on Monday night, October 3, with a capping ceremony in Ninniss auditorium at 10:00 o'clock. The freshmen received their rat caps and name tags at this meeting. They were told that on Wednesday evening the twenty freshmen with the most black marks for failure in performing or "sounding off" when requested by sophomores would march into the dining room in the form of a chain gang.

A freshman clinic was held at 4:30 P.M. Tuesday afternoon. Wednesday night there was a meeting for all freshmen.

6—THE BLUE QUILL

men in Ninniss, informing them concerning their help week duties, and giving them a list of the charity organizations to which they were to give help. Their duties at these organizations were to be carried out on the following Thursday and Friday afternoons. Freshmen were also told that the results of a freshman-sophomore softball game on Saturday afternoon would determine how long they would wear their rat caps. If the freshmen won, they could take their rat caps off; if the sophomores won, the freshmen would have to wear the caps an extra week.

Freshman Help Week ended on Saturday night with a "Bury the Prison Key" party in the Dell.

—E. J.

SOUL'S EMOTION

LIBBY GUNN

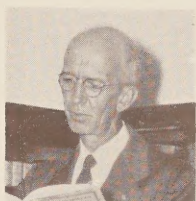
Music is the soul's emotion, poetry its voice.
The cello's melancholy song that swells and dies,
The flute's sweet, whispered sigh,
The poet's simple rhyme or complex verse—
All these can speak above the ocean's roar.
More strongly than its tidal power,
More softly than its rising mist,
Conveying thoughts too deep
For flaunting tongue to speak.

QUEENS QUESTIONNAIRE

QUESTION: *What Do You Consider To Be The Main Contribution To Society Of Higher Education For Women?*



Miss Albright: The contribution of an educated woman to the world at large is in creating a better family life.



Dr. Carson: In my opinion, the greatest contribution that higher education for women can make to society is guiding the potential home maker in her search for a worthy and satisfying scale of values.



Joyce Burrier: I think that higher education for women provides more raw material for jobs which in the past have been considered the private property of the man. In addition, it helps to make a better-rounded family life in which the children are more easily able to adjust and are more highly educated. I agree with the statement that when you educate a man you educate an individual, but when you educate a woman, you educate a family.



Lindsay Marshall: The increasingly vital role played by the women of today's progressive society is itself patent testimony to the need as well as the value of higher education for women. Taking advantage of the thorough and adequate preparation for her task afforded by higher education, modern woman has well equipped herself not only for her proverbial "place in the home" as wife, homemaker, and mother to future generations, but also for her place in the business and professional world and in the service of her community, state, and nation.



Julia Rolston: Society benefits primarily by higher education of women in the home. A well-educated mother is able to maintain a higher educational, social, and spiritual level among her family. Thus our homes produce better citizens of tomorrow.



Marti Laird: I think that higher education prepares us to be better and more efficient wives and mothers. I believe that we can have a happier home and live a better-adjusted life, mentally, physically, and spiritually.

Orientation Week

Orientation week at Queens College began on September 8 with the arrival of all new students, who were accompanied by many of their parents. This was a week planned well in advance to provide the girls with an interesting program. The visiting parents as well as the new students were given a look at Queens Campus and an insight into the different phases and activities of college life.

On Thursday evening, September 8, a vesper service and general meeting of all new students, their parents, the Orientation Committee, the faculty and the Freshman Advisory Council was held in Belk Chapel. Peggy Brice, president

of the Student Government Association, conducted this meeting. The parents then continued further orientation in Stultz Building, while the students remained in the chapel to be divided into registration groups and to be instructed on the testing program.

In the days that followed the students were busy taking placement tests and music tests, and attending handbook classes and numerous meetings. The week was climaxed by a party on Saturday night with the Davidson freshmen as guests on the Queens campus.

On Sunday the Charlotte Junior Chamber of Commerce took the new girls on a tour of the Coliseum, where

they also attended the opening exercises of the new building. A picnic supper and vesper services were held that evening at Camp Stewart.

Conferences concerning schedules and final tests were held on Monday. On this day also the upperclassmen arrived.

Orientation week was officially closed Friday night, September 16, with a formal dinner given by the faculty, followed by a reception in Burwell Hall for all students. Here the students had an opportunity to meet and talk with the faculty and staff members and their husbands and wives.

—P. W.



Summer Experiences of Queens Students

Lower East Side in New York City, Heidelberg College in Ohio, four countries in Europe—these were the sites of wonderful experiences for three of our Queens students last summer. Betty McGeachy was the New Yorker for the summer, Mary Miller attended a United Student Christian Council assembly in Ohio, and Lois Scott was the European visitor. All three girls were connected with a church-related activity, but each was involved in a different phase of this type of activity and, consequently, they had varied types of experiences.

Betty McGeachy spent the summer working at the Church of All Nations, a neighborhood house on Second Avenue in New York City. This church, a Methodist one, is located in the lower east side section in the heart of downtown New York and backs on the Bowery.

Betty worked at the church in connection with the New York *Herald-Tribune's* Fresh Air Fund. Through this fund children from that section of the city were sent to private homes in the country and in towns located from Maryland to Maine. Betty's job was with the placement program. The *Tribune* has agencies such as this one all over the city. People from private homes notify the *Tribune* that they want to keep children and usually specify the age, sex, and race that they want the child to be. The *Tribune* then calls the agencies to ask if they have anyone to meet the specifications. The children register early in the summer and are placed as the calls come in for them. Betty registered the children in her neighborhood and saw to it that each one had a medical examination. When a call came in for children in her neighborhood, she notified the children and in a day or two escorted them to the train or bus station to begin their journey. There they were met by a representative of the *Herald-Tribune* who used money from the newspaper to pay their fare and then went with them



Left to right: Betty, Mary, and Scottie

to their destination. Betty didn't always get by with just escorting the children to the station, however. Once she had to accompany ninety children on the train to Massachusetts!

About three hundred children of Puerto Rican, Italian, Chinese, Negro, and other racial groups were sent to private homes and camps by the church where Betty worked. Each child spent at least two weeks in the home or camp. Sometimes groups of residents from one town would offer to keep children; these were called "friendly towns."

Four boys and eight girls from all over the United States worked at the church. All of them except Betty worked with the day camp sponsored by the church. They all lived there at the church and took turns doing the shopping, cooking, and cleaning. They had nights and weekends free; so there was plenty of time to take in the sights of the city. Betty saw a number of Broadway plays, visited Coney Island and Radio City, and was able to see a great deal of New York.

In speaking of her work with the children, Betty says that she was particularly impressed by the fact that even after they had visited homes that were so much better and more comfortable than their own, the lower east side of New York with all its poor and crowded conditions was still home to these children and they were always glad to get back. Betty thinks that one little boy expressed this feeling particularly well, as he came up out of the subway return-

Well-Known Author to Lecture at Queens

Mr. Charles Hadley, chairman of the Queens Concert-Lecture Series, has announced that the first lecturer of this year's series will be Edward Esslin Cummings, well-known American author and poet. His talk has been scheduled for November 22.

Mr. Cummings, talented American poet and winner of the *Dial* prize in 1925, is also renowned as the author of *The Enormous Room*, one of the best on-the-spot war books written by an American. This book was written in France during World War I while Mr. Cummings was imprisoned for a military offense.

A native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard, Mr. Cummings has also studied art and is talented in that field. He now lives in New York City and has a studio in Greenwich Village.

His poetry is highly personal and filled with brilliant irony and poignant beauty, despite its unconventional form. His talents have also been successfully adapted to writing for children.

Plans for the remainder of the Concert-Lecture Series are not yet completed, but they will be publicized as soon as they have been determined.

—M. M. M.

ing from a trip when he said, "Gee, don't it smell good to be home." Betty was also interested in actually seeing the children of New York play hand ball in the streets and turning on the fire hydrants on a hot summer day, just as we always hear of in a typical description of the poorer New York children.

Betty can talk on for hours about her many wonderful experiences and still have more left over. She also has many interesting colored slides which she took over the summer and which she will be glad to show.

Mary Miller spent ten days of her summer at the twelfth general assembly of the United Student Christian Council at Heidelberg College in Tiffin, Ohio. This council is the American branch of the World Student Christian Organization and is a federation com-

(Continued on page 18)

THE EDITORS' PAGE

Queens to Reach Century Mark

One of the most momentous events in the history of Queens College will be celebrated during the 1956-1957 school year. At this time our educational institution will reach its one hundredth birthday. Because of the great significance of the centennial, Queens is already making plans for this occasion.

A faculty committee appointed last spring has met a number of times and has begun work. This group is composed of Dr. L. Harris Chewning, chairman, Miss Mary Schickedantz, secretary, Dean Gordon Sweet, Dean Thelma Albright, Miss Mildred Miscally, Mrs. Alice Barron, and Earl Berg.

The Charlotte Chamber of Commerce is taking an active part in the celebration. Kenneth I. Tredwell, an official of radio station WBT, is general chairman of the centennial committee for this organization. Through the arrangements of Mr. Tredwell and H. H. Everett, a trustee and former acting president of Queens, a motion picture showing the life of our campus will be made. Station WBTV will film the movie. Special projects will be under the direction of Buell G. Duncan, J. N. Pease, and Frank Dowd, Jr. A subcommittee consisting of Harry Golden, Thomas L. Robinson, C. A. McKnight, Kenneth Whitsett, and LeGette Blythe will be in charge of publicity for the event. C. W. Gilchrist and Francis J. Beatty are responsible for the participation of the fine arts council and local cultural groups. In addition to these groups, the civic and social clubs' part in the celebration is under the leadership of Irwin Belk, John A. Tate, Jr., and David Johnston.

The centennial program will include four major convocations. In October, 1956, the celebration will be officially opened. The second convocation will take place in December, 1956, and will emphasize the relationship of Queens to the seven churches which used our facilities during the construction of their buildings. Dr. Lawrence I. Stell, pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, is the co-ordinator of church participation in the commemoration. The relationship of Queens to the community's culture will be presented in February, 1957; and the fourth convocation, in May, 1957, will reveal the relationship of the college to students and alumnae.

Thus, next year will be one of great rejoicing at Queens—rejoicing in the realization that our institution has been a vital influence in the lives of its students and its community for one hundred years. Plans indicate that the celebration will be one of great success and significance.

—S. S.

Welcome, Class of 1959

We of Queens College wish to extend a warm and sincere welcome to the freshman class, the class of 1959. We welcome your fresh spirit, your new ideas and ideals, your numerous talents and abilities. We hope that you will use these qualities in all phases of your life here at Queens and utilize them in furthering your own individual growth as well as the growth of Queens College.

Not long ago you were members of separate schools and communities. Now you have been pulled out of these separate environments and are drawn together under the common bond of being a member of the Queens family. Queens College has high standards and ideals. She will not lower these ideals to meet yours, but you must keep yours on her high level. Therefore, we challenge you to uphold these ideals and hope that through doing so you may grow as individuals, mentally, spiritually, and morally.

—C. McL.

An Opportunity to Speak

For some time students on this campus have been clamoring for a way to make their opinions and criticisms known. In answer to this call, the *Blue Quill* staff has decided upon a policy of running a student-opinion column in each issue of the *Quill* this year. The campaign for articles from the students has been given ample publicity, but the response has been disappointing.

The success of the student-opinion column depends, of course, upon the students themselves. Any opinions and criticisms—both constructive and destructive—of campus life, the city of Charlotte, the political scene, or life in general will be appreciated. Personal gripes, however, will not be accepted. If your roommate snores or wears your best clothes, work that problem out for yourself. But if you think that Ninniss auditorium needs painting or that professors should be more tolerant of the cut system, that the city of Charlotte takes a commendable interest in Queens or that Nixon should not run for President, write down your ideas and submit your opinion to the *Quill*. Make your articles from one hundred to five hundred words in length and express your thoughts clearly. Don't worry about comma blunders and misplaced modifiers. All articles will be edited before the *Quill* is published. Submit your articles to any member of the *Blue Quill* staff.

The college wants to give students as much voice as possible in the life which surrounds them, and the *Quill's*

student-opinion column is an excellent opportunity to put the students' ideas in the public eye. Take advantage of the opportunity. Remember, the success of the column depends on *you*.

—M. A. D.

A Note of Appreciation

The student body, faculty, and administration of Queens College wish to express appreciation to the following organizations of Charlotte which contributed to the 1955 orientation program:

The Junior Chamber of Commerce for taking all new students to the opening exercises of the Coliseum;

The Chamber of Commerce for offering a tour of the city to all new students;

The Myers Park Baptist Church for inviting all Baptist Queens students to a supper and party afterwards;

The Myers Park Presbyterian Church for entertaining the new students at a chicken supper and party;

The Charlotte chapter of the Queens Alumnae Association for giving a supper and recreational program in the David Ovens gymnasium on the Queens campus.

For All Poetry Enthusiasts

All college students are cordially invited to submit original verse to be considered for possible publication in the Annual Anthology of College Poetry.

This is the thirteenth annual college competition. The recognition afforded by publication will reflect definite credit on the author, as well as on Queens College. Over a hundred thousand manuscripts have been submitted to the National Poetry Association in the past ten years. Of these, about 4,500 have been accepted for publication.

Rules are simple—as follows:

Manuscripts must be typed or written in ink on one side of a sheet. Student's home address, name of college, and college address must appear on each manuscript.

Students may submit as many poems as desired. Theme and form may be in accordance with the wish of the student contributor. But, in order to give as many students as possible an opportunity for recognition and because of space limitations, shorter efforts are preferred.

CLOSING DATE FOR SUBMISSION OF MANUSCRIPTS: November 5, 1955.

Send manuscripts to:

National Poetry Association
3210 Selby Avenue
Los Angeles 34, California

THE PLATFORM

Concerning The Library

I'm sure few of us realize the great influence which the library can have on us as students. We accept it as the haven from the dormitory's noise, the place where research themes and term papers are born, and the rendezvous for classmates the night before outside reading is due. But we should make it much more than that!

For example, in the center of the library is the periodical shelf, the collection of the newest news on every subject imaginable. There, for the tiny price of several hours a week, we can become capable of conversing intelligently on anything from trends in modern poetry to garden gadgets. It is true that we can go on living without developing these potential interests, but they are simply stepping-stones to a richer, fuller life we can have within ourselves and in the fascinating world in which we live. *However*, we must take advantage of this opportunity now and form our reading habits now, for we will never do it after college.

In addition, our studying and reading in the library—in the presence of great literature—affects us in ways which we do not realize. We gain a keen, though often unconscious, appreciation of the great things of life. We can find ourselves a bit breathless as we look up from our reading or study to scan the towering shelves of ageless literature, for we can feel that we are in the presence of the men and women of all time, whose lives are recorded in the history, art, science, and literature of all time. We can find ourselves in the presence of those who, just as today's students, have ques-

tioned, "What is Life?" and have found their individual answers and left them as a back log for our questioning today.

The library can give us this feeling and an atmosphere of learning through which we broaden our horizons and sharpen our incentives to follow more devotedly and diligently the paths of knowledge to which we have committed ourselves.

The opportunity is ours to make our library a place for study, enjoyment, *and* growth.

—Libby Gunn

Why Have Commissions?

Why has the Queens Christian Association organized five commissions or study groups among the upperclassmen? Why should a Christian Association be involved in study when that can be done in a classroom? Why try to understand others, their problems and conflicts? Why try to understand the faith your church is based on? (Leave that to the serious-minded theologian.) Why think about the slums of Charlotte, North Carolina, or London, England? (They only make us uncomfortable!)

These are all legitimate questions to ask concerning such study groups. I do not claim to have all the answers, nor do I know anyone who does. But there is a basic issue involved in the foundation of this system that I am convinced needs to be thought through again.

(Continued on page 26)

Browsing

ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT WRITER

Chesterton, G. K.: *Chaucer*, Pellegrini and Cudahy Company, New York: 1945, 286 pp. \$3.75.

In a short analysis made delightful by the keen observations and pleasant wit of the English author, Mr. Chesterton has discussed a great many topics concerning the life and works of Chaucer. The question of the greatness of Chaucer, a summary of his life, a sketch of the three periods of his writing, and a study of his religion are representative subjects.

The author defends Chaucer from several criticisms that most biographers make. Perhaps not too rashly, he remarks that Chaucer is vastly underrated, whereas Shakespeare is sometimes praised too highly. Both men borrowed plots, but Chaucer is reprimanded more severely for doing this. Mr. Chesterton replies to that accusation that if Chaucer borrowed he "jolly well paid back." To offer more positive evidence toward establishing Chaucer's greatness, he credits him with having made a national language.

One of the author's primary concerns is the problem of making the Middle English writings intelligible to the modern reader. He feels that much of the dignity and color of the poems suffers in being translated and suggests the modernization of the spelling and the use of footnotes as an alternative.

The content of the book may be summarized by quoting a statement of the author's purpose and observing that he fulfills it very well:

But it is the whole point of this book that Chaucer is literature and not linguistic study for the learned; that it needs very little to make him popular in the sense that literature can be popular; and that learning is a totally different thing.

-Sharlene Morris

12-THE BLUE QUILL

Worth Your While

GARY BRADY

Enrique Maria Remarque's *A Time to Love and a Time to Die* tells the story of a young German home from the Russian front in World War II. Allied bombings have destroyed his family, and the entire city is in chaos. Germany is beginning to collapse. He meets, however, a young girl who has also lost her family; and they are married, enjoying a few days of happiness. But he must return to the front, and he is shot by a Russian spy whom he intentionally permits to escape because he feels sorry for him. This book is certainly equal to *All Quiet On The Western Front*.

Dr. Francis Butler Simpkins' revised version of *A History of the South* is of value to history students and to Southerners alike. Dr. Simpkins tries to tell not so much what the South is but why it is what it is. This book is perhaps the best one-volume history of the South ever written. Dr. Simpkins has that knack which too many historians lack: the ability to make history engrossing.

The Southerners by Edna Lee tells the story of an illegitimate orphan girl from her early days spent in a staid girls' school to her rise as a business woman in the hectic days at the beginning of this century. Although many of the characters are shallow and the reader is far too able to second-guess the author, Miss Lee presents a highly readable and enjoyable tale. In dealing with the period of 1880-1920, Miss Lee enters an area that Southern writers have mainly ignored in fiction. Though not a great book, *The Southerners* is good reading.

Seduction of the Innocent by Fredric Wertham, M.D., tells not why Johnny can't read but what he is reading. Dr. Wertham presents a serious indictment of the American book industry, an industry that yearly makes enormous

(Continued on page 14)

GOOD DAY, SADNESS

Sagan, Françoise: *Bonjour Tristesse*, E. P. Dutton and Company, New York: 1955, 128 pp. \$3.95.

One of the most controversial novels of the year, *Bonjour Tristesse*, has created universal sensation because its author is an eighteen-year-old French girl whose observations on love are too wise and dispassionate for her young years. When Françoise Quoirez failed to pass her courses at the Sorbonne last July, she began writing her first book for the lack of something to do. It was published under the *nom de plume* Françoise Sagan and immediately became a national best-seller.

Chapter One sets the mood of the story when it begins: "A strange melancholy pervades me to which I hesitate to give the grave and beautiful name of sorrow . . . I have known boredom, regret, and occasionally remorse, but never sorrow. Today it envelops me like a silken web, enervating and soft, and sets me apart from everybody else." Then the heroine Cécile, a young girl the same age as the author, continues to relate the events responsible for her "silken web" of sadness.

When she leaves a convent boarding school to live with her widowed father, she plunges into the unrestrained freedom he allows her. Her father, a confirmed sensualist who changes mistresses as quickly as his moods, introduces her to the studios and bars of the Champs-Élysées, the fashionable Riviera with its sophisticated resorts, and the life of untroubled amorality that he and his frivolous set accept without a tremor. It is soon that Cécile is disarmed by this easy living and is shortly to take a lover of her own while vacationing with her father at a villa on the Mediterranean. The first few days of this vacation are spent in uneventful swimming and sunning with her father and his current mistress, Elsa. But when her father an-

nounces that Anne Larsen—an intimate friend of his deceased wife—will soon visit them, she suffers alarming premonitions. She says of Anne: "At forty-two she was a most attractive woman, much sought after, with a beautiful face, proud, calm, reserved . . . I think she rather despised us for our love of diversion and frivolity, as she despised all extremes." It is Anne's arrival that precipitates Elsa's departure; and much to Cécile's surprise and disapproval, Anne becomes her father's mistress with intentions to marry and reform him. Although Cécile recognizes the older woman's integrity and her sensible philosophy of life, she clings to her life of pleasure. As a stepmother Anne will demand discipline and order whereas Cécile desires only freedom and indulgence. She contrives, therefore, to thwart Anne's designs, but her attempt results in unforeseen tragedy; and for the first time in her life Cécile knows sorrow.

Critics may vary in their appraisal of *Bonjour Tristesse*, but I think all agree that Miss Sagan's style is refreshing and unaffected. She writes with clarity, simplicity, and a beautiful command of language. It is probably because of her youth, however, that her characters make a two-dimensional appearance. They are credible enough, it is true, but devoid of that compassion within every human heart—present although it be warped by perversion or smothered by passion. Even Ann, depicted with scrutiny and insight, lacks the vitality that would make her a living personality. The degenerate father, on the other hand, is unbelievable; for never once is the reader allowed to see him wholly—a mixture of good and evil, wisdom and stupidity—rather than as a single-minded hedonist. While overdrawn, Cécile herself is understandable as the introspective adolescent with a flare for the dramatic. After maturity she would laugh at the reflections of her youth, particularly: "Can one commit suicide on account of people like my father and myself, people who have no need of anybody living or dead?" Cyril, Cécile's paramour, alone emerges as a real per-

son. He is neither the most interesting nor the strongest of Miss Sagan's characters, but she created him a composite of emotions, a young man who is not always predictable—in short, a human being rather than an exaggerated type. Despite her depthless characterizations, however, Miss Sagan gives promise of becoming a first-rate artist, but only after she has looked into herself to discover those universals that bind men to one another. This she will no doubt learn with maturity. —Margaret Dick

STORY OF FLORA MACDONALD

Fletcher, Inglis: *The Scotswoman*, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., New York: 1954, 414 pp. \$3.95.

The Scotswoman is a fascinating historical novel which presents the story of Flora Macdonald, a noble and courageous woman who dedicated her life to the service of her people. The author has endeavored to present an accurate picture of Flora Macdonald even though there is much controversy over many of the actual facts of her life. Some of the characters of the book are based on the lives of real people, whereas others are purely fictional.

When still in her teens, Flora Macdonald distinguished herself for all time in the hearts of her people by saving the Bonnie Prince Charlie. Her story became a favorite among the Clans of Scotland, and she was a symbol and inspiration to her people. As the story opens, Flora—now a middle-aged woman—is planning to emigrate with part of her family to the North Carolina colony. Her husband Allan has struggled to maintain a satisfactory existence for the family in the Scottish highlands; but because of the demands of the English lords it is almost impossible. Allan feels that in the new land they will have a chance to begin again and have the peace and security which they have long desired.

The voyage to America on the *Baliol* contains its share of adventure, and

with it come warnings of dissention between the English government and some of the American colonists. Both Allan and Flora, however, refuse to believe that this conflict will trouble them in their search for peace.

Upon their arrival the Macdonalds are given a warm reception by the people of North Carolina. They make their new home in a valley near Cross Creek, but it is not long before they realize that they, too, are involved and must choose sides in the present conflict. Allan chooses to fight for the King, and Flora after some deliberation also joins him. The final failure of the Scots Highlanders to realize the peace and opportunities they had so long hoped for brings the book to a somewhat frustrating conclusion.

Inglis Fletcher has given a very vivid picture of Flora Macdonald and the Scots Highlanders. She has brought to life again a woman who well deserves the place she holds in the hearts of her people. —Jackie Rolston

A NEW LOOK AT THE SOUTH

Basso, Hamilton: *The View From Pompey's Head*, Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y.: 1955, 409 pp. \$3.95.

Two geographical areas and two different societies are brought to life in Mr. Basso's new novel. He tells the story of a young New York lawyer, Anson Page, who is called upon to solve a mystery which takes him to his home town of Pompey's Head, which he had not seen for fifteen years.

Page, attorney for a large publishing house, is first seen in cosmopolitan New York. The complicated, fast-moving life in New York is well portrayed through scenes in Page's law firm, in a famous publishing house, and in Page's apartment. The influence of Pompey's Head is felt even there, however, as Page often makes statements implying that everything in his home town is different and unusual merely because it is Pompey's Head. Page's wife Meg is totally indifferent to these claims and, with a bored

attitude, dismisses them as rankly prejudiced. In spite of this, however, the reader has a feeling that Pompey's Head is somehow different.

When the publishing house sends Anson Page to Pompey's Head to untangle a mystery concerning the reputation of their former head, we find that our suspicions were correct. Pompey's Head is a different world from New York; yet it is impossible to decide just what it is that causes this difference, other than the facts of size and region.

As Anson returns to his old home, his thoughts and mixed emotions are well expressed. There is the excitement and anticipation of homecoming, the surprise and disappointment over the changes that have been made, the pain of revived memories, and finally the dread of discovering what has happened to all of the people whom he knew. The breach of fifteen years is gradually filled in for Anson by the younger sister of an old childhood friend. This "little sister" has become a mature young woman, and soon Anson becomes involved in an inevitable love affair. As the years are filled in, the reader is keenly interested in finding out why Anson ever left the little town. The townspeople believe it was because his father was involved in an embarrassing trial, and Anson tells himself it was because he had been bitterly disappointed in a love affair. None of the explanations seem quite satisfactory, however, and we feel that Anson is not satisfied with his own explanation.

In an attempt to make the present picture a clearer one, Mr. Basso uses several flashbacks, events in Page's youth. These flashbacks are not very well tied in with the rest of the story, however; and the result is a difficult-to-follow train of events instead of a smoothly flowing plot. These flashbacks gradually draw the picture of Pompey's Head: a very class-conscious small town in which the original founding families are at the top and the people from "across the tracks" are at the bottom of the social ladder. Who one's grandfather was is more important than one's present status or personal attributes. There is a

sort of ancestor worship which Anson calls Shintoism.

All of the people in Pompey's Head are familiar to Southerners. The reviewer, being a "low country" Carolinian can recognize friends, acquaintances, relatives, and, though unwillingly, even herself among the Pompey's Head residents. Mr. Basso has not exaggerated anything about the little town. Pompey's Head is as real as if it were actually on the map.

Pompey's Head is not so much a place, however, as it is a point of view. It is this point of view which is the key to the people of the town; the key to the events in Anson's life, including his running away from Pompey's Head; the key to the mystery which he set out to solve; the key to all that happened when Anson returned to his home, the key to Anson himself; and finally, the key to our own modern South. This point of view is the desire for identity, to "be somebody." Money alone is not the answer to this longing. On the contrary, the "new rich" are looked down on as much as those who have never had anything. Name and family are much more important. An old family that no longer has much money is considered "better" than a newer family with a great deal of money. This was true in Pompey's Head, and it is true in the actually existing towns in the South.

The view from Pompey's Head as a way of looking at life, or rather a way of living, presents a great social problem involving almost as much prejudice and discrimination as the segregation problem. Mr. Basso softens no blows in pointing up the problem. He relentlessly pushes it before the reader's eyes, showing how it destroyed the success and happiness of a famous writer, how it ravaged the life of the woman Anson loved, and finally how it shattered Anson himself, sending him back to New York and to his family an empty, defeated man. By the time Mr. Basso finishes, we want to cover our eyes and shut the story out of our minds, crying, "Enough!" We find, however, that we cannot forget the devastating results of the view from Pompey's Head.

In this novel Mr. Basso has made a most accurate analysis of this particular section of the South. Damning though it is, it is true. The novel is a must for all Southerners, and because of its engrossing plot and realistic character portrayals the book, no doubt, will have universal appeal.

—Emmie Hay Alexander

WORTH YOUR WHILE

(Continued from page 12)

profits off the youth of our country. This is not a book written simply to be sensational; Dr. Wertham is seriously concerned about the many dangers that the comic books have. Crime, juvenile delinquency, immorality, and other sordid actions are shown to be at least in some measure directly attributal to what is printed in our comic books and other low types of books. The picture presented by Dr. Wertham is not a pretty one, but one that every American should know.

Heroines of Dixie by Katherine Jones is the story of the Confederacy as told in the letters, diaries, and journals of the women of the South. Katherine Jones has collected the material for this book from scores of sources and arranged them in such a way that they trace the rise and fall of the Confederacy as seen from the eyes of the women. Original spelling, punctuation, and grammar—sometimes totally lacking—are retained in this compilation. This interesting and delightful book is a welcome addition to Civil War literature.

Perhaps the strangest tale to come from the pen of an American author in recent years is *My Brother's Keeper* by Marcia Davenport. This intriguing book tells the story of the life of two brothers, who because of their childhood become recluses. Based upon a true case which occurred in New York City just after the Second World War, this book is presented in such a way as to make the reader believe that he is reading a documentation instead of a novel. Marcia Davenport is able to hold the reader spellbound while she tells this harrowing and pathetic tale.

A Freshman Speaks

CATHERINE RAMSEY

Has it been a week? How could time have flown so quickly? Just seven short days ago I was an important member of my family, envied by younger sisters and admired by my friends. Now I am no longer an individual, but just a freshman, ordered about by sophomores, tolerated by juniors, and ignored by seniors. It seems strange and unusual to refer to Queens College with its hundreds of new faces as home; yet that is exactly what it is, my new home.

I have said that many times, and I am used to saying it now, since I have moved twice in four years. My father is a minister, a country preacher, and new places and experiences have made up a large part of my life.

Inevitably the first question I am asked in a new place is, "What is it like to be a minister's daughter?" I always highly recommend it. For some reason people have the idea that ministers' children are either little terrors or pious souls with folded hands and near-sighted eyes. Oh no! I am near-sighted, but I do not sit with folded hands, nor do the other children in my family. We are quite normal. In the three schools I have attended in the last four years I took an active part in all school activities and church activities. I like to be busy every moment and get things accomplished. I served as class officers, as club officers, president of our Youth Groups, on committees, and on the cheering squad. I at-

tended Girls' State and received the D.A.R. award for the highest marks in history and the scholarship award for the highest marks in my class. I was cast in the one-act play that won state championship in the festival and I won second place in the Forensic Meet, reading poetry. All of these would not have been possible had we not moved as often as we did, for each new place offered more advantages and more friends.

Another question often asked me is "Do you ever give up things you want because of your father's profession?" Never has this happened. Of course, we have to adapt our activities to those of each new community, but usually the neighbors don't expect us to be different. My youngest sister tucks her blond curls under her helmet and plays football. My younger sister and I date and go to dances. My brother takes active part in college life. We are a happy, normal family, and this is due to broadminded country people, a diplomatic father, and a wonderful mother.

I want the next four years to be a continuation of the last eighteen years. I want to meet the challenge Queens College places before me and leave here a well-rounded individual with a teacher's certificate in my hand. I don't want to become a part of a sea of names and faces so com-

(Continued on page 30)



fashions to
a "Queens taste"
will be found
in our third
floor shops

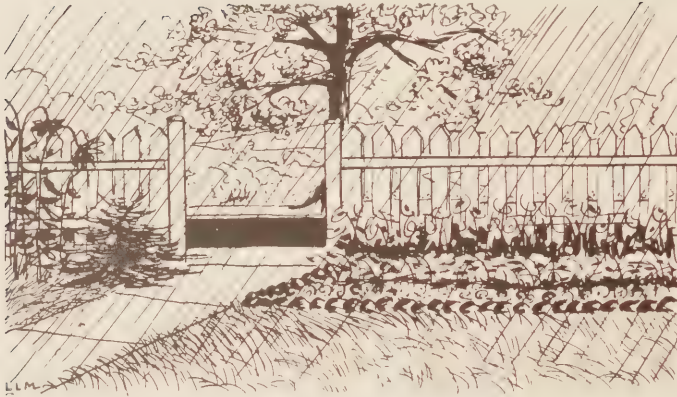
MONTALDO'S

220 N. Tryon St.

Poetry . . .

CONTRAST

CAROLINE McILWAIN



Heat, sticky heat,
Midsummer heat—
Dry, brown, crumpled blades of grass—
Wilted, withered, drooping flowers;
Hot sidewalks, streets bubbling with tar that pops and
snaps;
Still, parched air;
Trees that shade but give no relief from the hotness.
Thirstiness, shriveled life—
Heat.

Rain—
Great drops, slow at first and gentle, then harder and faster;
Hot, then warm, then cooler and cooler.
Drops that beat against the hard, crust-armored earth,
Rain drops dancing on streets and sidewalks like happy
children;
Half-brown flowers lifting thirsty, long-unsatisfied faces;
Still-brown grass slowly uncrumpling;
Coolness, refreshed life—
Rain.

DO WELL HIS WILL

LIBBY GUNN

Do well the task which is at hand,
And question not the greatness of the deed;
For God, who made the great and small,
Will use them each according to His will.

TREE

PEGGY BRICE

Majestic do you stand—
The overseer of earth and life.
Your full and swooping branches stretch
As if in praise to God;
Your leaves play in a pure ethereal air
Untouched by human passions.
Yet war and death flirt near your base,
And blood of rage-torn hearts seeps toward your roots.
Still do you rise above,
And scorn the little men with little minds
Who crawl through mire and filth below.
The symbol of life's dignity and grace—
Teach man your nobleness.

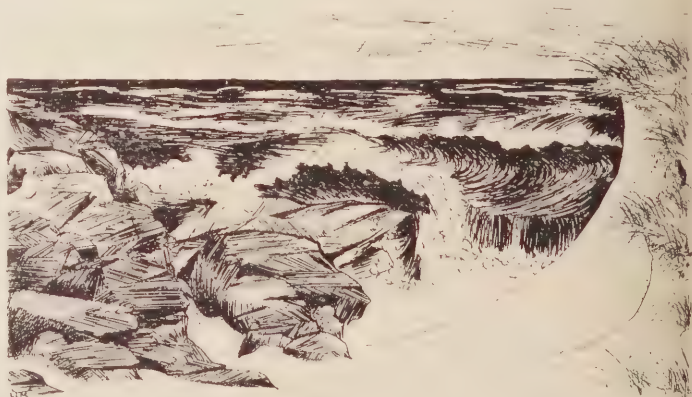
BENEATH THE STORM

EMMIE HAY ALEXANDER

Note: This was inspired by Chopin's "Raindrop" Prelude
(Op. 28, No. 15)

The ocean boils and thrashes along the beach.
The storm paints it a sickly green and black,
Then whips it into whiteness as it smashes the rocky shore.
The storm cares not for infinitesimal man,
But roars its power in torrents from the clouds.

From the trembling shore I stare
At the storm's wild fury and destruction.
And I think how I should like to leap beneath the waves
And slowly fall to the sandy floor,
A bit of sediment. There would I lie
In restful darkness, peaceful stillness.
There the storm's violence cannot reach,
And all that can be heard—the sound
Of raindrops on the surface above.



DESTINY?

BARBARA KELCA

A long and lonely shadow fell
Across the wet and blackened street
A pain was ringing as a bell—
My heart, too sad, refused to beat.

Once more I leave that shadow dear,
Once more and then—eternity—
As every beat of heart draws near
Two joining shadows willed to be.

INVITATION

LIBBY GUNN

Moonbeams brushed my hair.
My constant shadow, gliding silently before me, paused:
I did the same. And looking 'round and up I gazed into
the moon's full face.
"Come," it seemed to say, "and dream awhile."
I turned (Has any lover ever dared resist the moon's
fair beck'ning glance?),
A prisoner of the spell it cast.
The moon moved with me as I crossed a silver path and
came to rest
Upon the lake's quiet edge.
Enraptured, I sat alone with magic . . . and the moon . . .
And memories.

Sophomores Modernize Chaucer

When April with his showers infant pure,
Doth quench the drought of March of long endure
And bathe the thirsting earth in such liquor
From whose virtue engendered is the flower;
When Zephyrus with his sweetest breath
Inspires the tender herbs in open heath
And sylvan place, and the youthful sun
Hath to Aries, the Ram, his half course run,
And elfin birds do make their melody
As they stay through the night with open eye
(So virile nature probes them in their hearts)—
Then each man longs to view the distant parts,
And pilgrims yearn to seek the sundry strands
To sacred shrines renowned in foreign lands.
And in groups great and small from every shire's end
Of England fair to Canterbury they would wend.
It was the blessed martyr they did seek—
St. Thomas, who doth strengthen sick and weak.

—Sharlene Morris

Have pierced the morning air with brightest song,
(So nature pricks them deep within their hearts);
Then mankind longs to go to distant parts,
And villagers, to honor saints, do pine
To travel far to seek some holy shrine,
Then folk from every shire in England
To Canterbury journey in a band,
To seek the blessed martyr, he who wills
Recovery to those with diverse ills.

—Sarah Carpenter

When April with her showers fresh and sweet
The roots so dry from March the water greets,
And every vine is bathed in liquid power
That has the gift to bring forth many a flower;
When winds from west lands come with their sweet breath
They bring new life to every wood and heath,
They cause the tender sprouts to spring up high
And birds take rest at night with open eye,
So stirs the sap that's found in human hearts,
And pilgrims long to go to distant parts
And seek the shores with unfamiliar sands
To distant shrines renowned in far-off lands;
And also throughout ev'ry far strand's end
Of England's shores to Canterbury they wend,
The holy blessed martyr they do seek
That he could heal when they were sick or weak.

—Betty Gray

When April with her showers sweet as wine
Hath quenched the burning thirst of every vine
And hath subdued the drought of March's hour,
Which bringeth life anew to every flower;
The west wind also in his gentle mood
Hath whispered inspiration through the wood,
And under Rames has the newborn sun
Near half his journey through the heavens run;
The birds whose eyes are open all night long

SUMMER EXPERIENCES

(Continued from page 9)

posed of thirteen smaller religious movements. The purpose of this assembly was to study the nature of the church today.

Mary was sent to the assembly as an observer from the North Carolina State YMCA-YWCA. Her main purpose in attending it was to assist in setting up an ecumenical council in North Carolina. Through such a council students of different organizations can have an ecumenical encounter by meeting together. By discussion and exchange of ideas with students from other movements, the student can analyze and deepen his own heritage and he can learn and gain through the experiences and ideas of others.

The first half of the assembly was spent in study groups. During the last few days the delegates attended committee meetings and plenary sessions. Throughout the conference prominent speakers from the different movements represented in the United Student

Christian Council spoke on such subjects as "The Ecumenical Church" and "What is the Church Today?"

Though the ecumenical movement is an important one, many students know nothing about it or have not even heard of it. Since such a council may be set up in North Carolina, students should know more about it and how it would affect and help our individual movements. Mary will be glad to tell anyone more about the assembly she attended and explain more about the ecumenical movement.

Lois Scott spent her summer in Europe as a member of the Student Life Seminar which is sponsored by the National Council of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. The purpose of the seminar was to study and observe government, schools, social welfare, education, and religion in foreign countries. Twenty-eight delegates from the United States took part in the seminar.

Lois, better known to us as Scottie, first went to New York City for a brief

orientation period. Then she and the other delegates went on to Quebec, Canada, where they boarded the Greco liner *Columbia*, on July 4, and were on their way to England.

In England, where the group spent ten days, they visited Parliament, looked over a new experimental comprehensive school, and exchanged ideas with students from Oxford and Cambridge. Scottie says that the Americans were particularly impressed by the seriousness of English education. At the British Student Christian Movement conference in Swanwick the group heard Dr. Donald Soper, Methodist minister at Kingsway Hall, who speaks to crowds in Hyde Park and Tower Hill. While in England, Scottie also met many of the friends that Mary McLaney, Marjorie Blankenship, and Libby Gunn knew when they were in England the previous summer.

From England the group traveled to Bonn, Germany. There they learned of the country's government system at the Bundeshaus. They were also entertained by the Protestant and Catholic student groups at Bonn University. In Heidelberg the delegates visited a refugee camp in a warehouse in the middle of town. The group also took a trip up the Neckar

Your Hair Superbly Styled

Stay a-head of the fashions and have your correct hair style chosen especially for you by our trained stylists and operators.

Stylist hair cut	1.50
LA MARICK PERMANENT WAVES	
Super Deluxe Creme Oil Frigid Cold Wave	
25.00 Value	9.95
Deluxe Creme Oil Frigid Cold Wave	
15.00 Value	7.95
Creme Oil Deluxe Machine or Machineless Wave	
12.50 Value	6.95

Stylists prices slightly higher)

Why not call for your appointment right away

PHONE ED 2-3121, FR 6-4834 or FR 6-4833



Belk's

Beauty Salon

La Marick Salon

THIRD FLOOR



River to visit old castles and a walled city and heard a Strauss concert in the Heidelberg castle.

From Germany the group traveled on to Geneva, Switzerland. While there they were privileged to be the only non-delegates of the day at the Atomic Conference. As Geneva is the headquarters for the YWCA, the World Student Christian Federation, and the World Council of Churches, the group visited these organization bases while touring the city.

The culmination of the seminar took place in Paris, France, where the group attended the World Centennial of the YMCA. There the delegates also visited the Supreme Headquarters of Allied Powers in Europe and while there were able to speak with General Alfred M. Gruenther, head of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. While in Paris the delegates visited such places as the Louvre, Versailles, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, and many other places of interest.

The YMCA conference which the group attended in Paris emphasized the original motto of the YMCA. The motto is one which was also the purpose of the whole seminar—"Omnes Unum Sint"—That All May Be One. —C. McI.

A Letter to a Freshman

BETTY McGEACHY

Dear -----,

Your letter has just come, informing me that you are now in college. I don't know how you could have been so foolish, but I suppose it can't be helped. I know from experience that your next four years are going to be miserable ones, and I thought perhaps I could help you out with a little advice. You may take it or not, but let me say that I followed it fairly closely myself and it got me by. And, after all, isn't that the ultimate purpose of college—to get by?

First a word about attitude. Everyone has been telling you to have a co-operative, loyal spirit. Nonsense. You hate school; why not admit it? You can't get along with your suite; the food makes you sick; you think school songs are silly; well, tell everyone so. You can't accomplish a thing by keeping your opinions to yourself. And if there's a class meeting or a party you don't want to attend, for goodness sake, don't. After all, you are in college now and should be allowed to think and act for yourself.

One of your first steps should be to throw away the handbook. It is merely a long list of rules written by a few upperclassmen who are trying to prove to you and to themselves that they are superior. Why should you obey regulations which were made merely to cramp your style and force all of you freshmen into one mold? Of course, those in authority sometimes manage to inflict penalties on offenders, but with a little effort even these can be avoided.

Unless things have changed radically since my day, you still have certain time limits set upon you. Is it seven o'clock for closed study and then eleven for lights out? I believe that was the way it was while I was there. Well, I hope you haven't paid any attention to that foolishness. I simply never could see any reason for going to bed just because everyone else was doing it. Go ahead and leave your room whenever you want to. With a little practice you can learn to avoid the boards in the floor which creak the loudest. Spend your evenings in the lounge or visiting with neighbors. You can always take your bath and do

THE BARRINGER HOTELS



Charlotte, N. C.

Columbia, S. C.

Augusta, Ga.

PARKER-GARDNER COMPANY

118 W. Trade Street

Phone ED 2-8257

Headquarters for Music



any studying after everyone else is asleep. Remember that a lot of make-up will help you to conceal those circles the next morning.

Another rule which always disgusted me was that one of being quiet in the dormitory. Isn't the dorm your home? Whoever heard of asking you to be quiet in your own bedroom or living room? I'm convinced that those house-council members are merely trying to flaunt their authority. Ignore it. If you want to scream at twelve o'clock, scream. Just don't do it if a council member has her eyes on you.

So you like to sleep late, do you? That's quite all right. Get up at the very last minute, put on a long coat, run your hand over your hair and dash to breakfast. As a matter of fact, don't waste time for any of your meals. If you've been playing tennis before dinner, you might slip on a skirt in order to get past the faculty table, but if you're in a large crowd, just your shorts will do. On Friday nights if you don't go to the Town House, you might take a little more time. Don't bother to change from your school clothes, however; a pair of heels will be all you need. Speaking of dressing, I hope you don't let anyone tell you how to dress when you're walking around the campus. Who's business is it if you want to wear short shorts to the mailbox, anyway?

I could give you a lot of hints concerning decorating your room at the first of school. One thing, why not pick some of the lovely flowers around the campus and arrange them on your desk? They certainly would brighten things up. If there are articles to buy such as rugs and curtains, go ahead and let your roommate pay for them; this will save a considerable amount of confusion at the end of the year. And of course, when your room is all decorated, don't hesitate to invite your boy friend up to look at it.

If you haven't done so, write your mother not to send you any food which might be shared. If she insists on doing so, hide it in your closet or under the bed and eat it only after hours or when no one else is around. Even refrain from sharing with your roommate—after all, her parents can send her packages. On the other hand, make an effort to get to know your classmates by visiting them regularly. A good time to do this is during closed study when you can be sure they are there; and a good introduction is: "Hello, I'm —; what do you have to eat?"

Last, and I think least, I would like to say a few words about classes and studying. First of all, don't bother to study anything beyond the very minimum requirements. With a little practice you can easily acquire the art of bluffing. Don't hesitate to use all of your cuts, and more if possible. With all of the extra-curricular activities on the campus you can hardly be expected to waste all morning in a classroom.

I could go on and on, giving you little bits of advice; but I think you have gotten the main idea. Good luck; you certainly have my sympathy. And remember, if worse comes to worse, I have an extra room that you're always welcome to use.

Sincerely

For obvious reasons the names of the writer and the recipient of this letter are withheld from the public.

EIGHTEEN ADDED

(Continued from page 3)

Another 1955 graduate of Queens is Ann Parker, now secretary in the business office. Ann is from Rocky Mount, N. C., and graduated from Queens with an A.B. degree.

Miss Roddey, of Charlotte, attended Converse and the University of North

Carolina. She has done previous work at the Eastover Grammar School and with Christ Episcopal Church.

Mr. Shaw, a native of New York state, received his B.S. degree from Purdue University and his M.A. in journalism from the University of Indiana. He was formerly public-relations director with the Carolinas' Union Red Feather Services, and has made his home in Charlotte for the past two and a half years with his wife and two children.

Dr. Stegner comes to us from Bradley University, Peoria, Illinois, where he has been head of the piano department. He holds a B.S. degree from Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, the B.Mus. degree and the M.M. from the Cincinnati Conservatory, and the D.F.A. degree in musicology from Chicago Musical College. For several summers Dr. and Mrs. Stegner have conducted European tours. He will appear as guest artist with the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra during its 1955-56 season.

Dr. Stevens received her A.B. degree from Oberlin College and her Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina. She has had two and a half years experience as a WAC officer in charge of Information Education Section and one year as a Civil Service employee in public relations. Dr. Stevens comes to us from the faculty of the New Jersey State Teachers College.

Miss Stevens, from Elizabethtown, N. C., is our assistant nurse from Presbyterian Hospital. She is also attending classes here at Queens to complete her nursing requirements.

Mrs. West is another previous member of the Queens faculty. Mrs. West received her B.S. degree at Winthrop College in Rock Hill, S. C. In addition to her teaching at Queens, she has taught at Union High School, Union, S. C., and at W.M.U. Training School.

—K. S. F.

*The Smartest Thing You Wear Is
Your Hair*



**MYERS PARK
Beauty Salon**

*Completely Air-Cooled
Henri Bendel Preparations Are
Ours Exclusively*
Phone ED 2-5031 Huntley Pl. at Providence Road

- Character-building books
- Study and reference books
- Bibles
- Pictures
- Church and Sunday School Supplies
- Sacred Records

- Stationery and greeting cards for all occasions
- Children's books and games
- Gifts for all occasions
- Complete line of Bridal gifts

BIBLE BOOKS STORE

"Serving ALL Churches"

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Plexico

124 W. 4th St.
P. O. Box 2725

Phone ED 2-2644
Charlotte, N. C.

A Pair of Shoes

KIT BERNHARD

I have been working with refugees for some years now. I have felt their heartaches, seen their fears, and understood their bitterness. Many of them have come to me sad and left happy; many of them have come sad and left sad; many of them have come and never left at all. Most of them were forced to come because of lack of food. Very few came unless it was necessary. Why? Because we had a part in the war that had ruined everything they ever owned. We had left cities shattered. We had left churches and homes destroyed. To us it was a very necessary evil, an act performed for the protection of millions of people; yet we had to hurt others to do it. These men, women, and children were but passing images in my life—coming, going, and dying in our camp.

There is but one of these people that I still remember—little Karl. Karl came to the camp one day with a group of people he had joined just outside the village where he had lived. I don't know why I should have noticed him. Maybe it was because he was the last one of the group to come in and looked frightened and a bit hesitant. I judged him to be between five and seven years of age. His eyes, much too large for his small, thin face, were hollow looking. His out-of-shape head had a sandy crop of straight and dirty hair which reached past his ears. His narrow shoulders had the droop of those of an old man. The frail, unfed body seemed but a skeleton. The only clothing he had was a pair of pants, which were probably found in some debris, for they were much too large and were held up by a piece of knotted cord. His feet were swollen and bleeding and seemed to be out of proportion to his rail-like legs. I had never seen other people in this same condition, but none of them had touched my heart as this boy had.

I walked over to him. He did not run but stood motionless, perhaps wondering whether I was a friend or a foe. I held out my hand to him, trying to look friendly and persuasive. He did not move. He just looked me over from head to foot with his large blue eyes. At last he touched my hand, but his blank expression did not change. He had seen too many people killed, perhaps his own parents, by men just like me. The only memory he had was of fighting. I do not know whether he ever had a friend or whether he ever heard a familiar voice that he could remember.

I led him across the grounds to where there would be some good, nourishing food. He walked slowly, with faltering steps, glancing around and seeming to be set to run at any evidence of danger.

He ate little of the food that was placed before him. I tried talking to him, but he seemed not to hear. He just sat there motionless and stared into space.

"What is your name?" I asked slowly.

There was no answer and no change of expression. I repeated the question but received the same result. The third time when I asked the question in German, his head turned toward me; but still he did not answer.

Not wanting to question him too much or to force him to do anything, I moved the plate of food away and offered him my hand again. He took it with less hesitation than before, and I led him to a bed. He stared at it, perhaps won-



dering why it was so clean, or maybe he had never seen one before.

"Tomorrow will be your bath day," I said in German. As I tucked him in, I saw a flicker of light in his eyes and a very faint smile on his lips.

"I am Karl," he said slowly. I thought I saw now a pleading and yet trusting look in his eyes, but he closed them and fell asleep before I could be sure.

That night I went to see Mr. Dalton and told him about Karl. I didn't really expect him to approve of my taking care of the little German boy, and I was right.

Dalton had been working with refugees for almost fifteen years and had come to think of them as machines which were necessary for him to do his job. He was a hard man to work with. His hulking frame was enough to make anybody feel hesitant. He was not handsome; yet he was not what I think of as plain. He was much taller than the average man, with thinning gray hair which tended to curl very slightly. His stern, cold eyes had a way of taking a person down a peg or two. Dalton never seemed to show any concern for the people except the concern that was his duty.

I had heard that he was married and had one child, but nobody seemed to know any more about him than that. I'm not even sure about this fact since he never spoke of his family life. That and the fact that he was known for denying "specialties" for the refugees made me believe that he had never deeply loved anyone.

"If one gets, all will want to get," he would say in his bass, rasping voice if asked for a favor. But I had slowly learned that his bark was often worse than his bite.

He listened to my story silently, neither moving nor blinking his eyes. My words faltered when my eyes met his, and I breathed a sigh of relief as I finished. I waited for the reproach which came a minute or two after my last words.

"What do you think this is," he barked, "an orphanage? Do you know what this place would be like if I granted favors? It would be a mad house. Every person who came in would want to stay. Then where would we be? There's such a thing as giving people too much, and that makes them want more and more. If one gets, all will want to get. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Then I have nothing more to say," he replied in a calmer tone, but the scowl was still on his face.

I turned to go, hoping he would call me back, but he didn't.

As I lay in bed that night, I thought about Dalton and Karl. I realized that Dalton had never strictly enforced his rules; nevertheless, they were kept voluntarily. I thought about the frail, underfed body of Karl, the large blue eyes, and the sandy hair. I had to do something, and the only thing I could think to do was to keep Karl anyway. After all, Dalton hadn't really said no to my request.

The following day Karl was given a complete examination. The tests showed that he had developed a weak heart, probably as a result of shock. There was some question in the doctor's mind as to whether or not he would be normal again. The only thing I could do was to pray and help him as much as possible.

I spent all the time I could with Karl during the next few weeks. This, however, was not very often, only at lunch time and at night; but we became friends. He now held my hand without hesitation and often smiled, but he still didn't talk very much. The thing that worried me most was the fact that his thin body did not seem to improve. The exercise, the nourishing food, the sound sleep at night—none of these helped his body return to normal.

Often when Karl and I were outside after lunch, I would see Dalton looking at us from his office window. He had said very little to me since I had talked to him about Karl. He never asked me how the boy was or if he was happy. He just disregarded us. But that didn't bother me. In fact, I didn't even notice it at the time. Dalton was letting Karl stay.

The summer was severely hot. Then, as winter approached, the days began to get chilly. One night, as I was tucking Karl into bed, he looked at me questioningly and then pointed to my feet.

"Shoes?" he asked.

"Yes, shoes," I repeated and bent down to get his.

"These are your shoes," I said as I held up a small pair of worn shoes. The heels were gone; the repatched soles were worn through; the leather was scuffed, and holes were beginning to wear through the toe of each shoe.

I felt a lump in my throat and a tightness in my chest as I looked at them. The feeling was not pity for Karl; I had realized for the first time that I had not noticed how worn his shoes were, and I was ashamed. He looked at them for a long while and then looked at mine.

"You have nice shoes," he said slowly, almost as if he were frightened.

HOTEL CHARLOTTE

"Carolinas Largest & Finest Hotel"

AIR CONDITIONED

THE PINE ROOM
EARLY AMERICAN RESTAURANT
INFORMAL DINING

Alton L. Bland, President
Kenneth B. Cross, Manager

*The
Gutmann Galleries*

"A Museum of Gifts"

1524 Providence Road
Phone FR 6-5571

"I'll see what I can do about yours," I said with a laugh, but with determination in my heart.

That was the first time I had ever seen him really happy. He smiled so big that his gums showed, and his eyes lit up as quickly as a match.

Now my problem was to get some "nice shoes." The next time the supply truck went out I asked the driver to get me a pair of shoes for Karl wherever he could. When he returned a few days later, he had them. They were not new, but with a good coat of polish they shone as if they had never been worn.

Karl was asleep that night when I took them to his room. I wish that I had dared to wake him up to see the expression on his face. Instead, I placed them on his pillow and left quietly.

I got up early next morning expecting to see Karl with his shoes; but by the time I was dressed he still had not come to my room. I then went to his room, and there I saw that he was still in bed. As I approached him, I realized that something was wrong, for he did not move. The shoes were held tightly against his chest. His face, which was turned towards the window, was still wet with tears of happiness. The morning sun shone brightly on his thin frame, accentuating the softness of his hair and the barely discernible blush in his face, which made him look as if he had gained a new life over night. The faint smile on his lips told me that he had died happy, knowing that he had found a friend he could trust.

"Taylor!" I heard Dalton boom. "Taylor, where the devil are you?"

I heard his heavy footsteps enter the room, but they

stopped a few feet behind me. All was quiet for a few moments; then Dalton cleared his throat and turned away.

I still have the shoes that Karl never wore. Each time I look at them I think of what Karl might have been had there not been hatred and rebellion in the world. War is an ugly thing.

KALE-LAWING CO.

Complete Office Outfitters

227-229 S. Tryon St.

Charlotte, N. C.

Phone FRanklin 7-2641

Refreshment to You Through the Years



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY OF CHARLOTTE

Ladies' Apparel



MILDRED'S SHOP

753 Providence Road

Compliments of

Park Place Pharmacy

613 Providence Road

But They Were Wrong

EMMIE HAY ALEXANDER

The books I read, the friends to whom I talked
Said I would recognize love when it came.
They said I'd know it by my skipping heart
And by my blushes when by chance we'd meet.
They said I'd hear a roaring in my ears
And find my eyes were dim and misty, too.

I waited long for love to come,
The smile that was to lift me to the clouds,
The kiss that would ignite my waiting heart.
For days I wandered, wondering how long
I was to wait for love. Until at last
I feared that it would never come at all.

And then one day, abandoning my hopes,
I turned around—and looked into your smile.
No flash of lightning darting from the skies,
No roll of thunder throbbing in my head;
But only peace and quiet in my heart,
And silent recognition of my love.

For now I know that love is not a storm
That, born too quickly, dies as quick a death;
Nor like the raging fire, inferno-like,
That burns out when there's no more to consume.

My love is like the tiny, steady flame
That swings above the tomb of unknown dead.
And blow upon it as you will, my love,
My small, eternal flame will never die.

FOR—

COSMETICS

PERFUME

STATIONERY

DRUGS

PRESCRIPTIONS

SHOP

ECKERDS DRUG STORE

1025 PROVIDENCE ROAD

United States Casualty Company

Southern Department

523 North Tryon Street

**Casualty Insurance
Fidelity and Surety Bonds**

Att. Mr. Heafner

In Charlotte

THE FINEST NAMES IN FASHION

are found in one store

Ivey's
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Not the Only Visit

SYLVIA STUART

On a particularly warm morning last June I was sleepily leafing through the newspaper. Suddenly a small article on one of the back pages brought me to full consciousness. This item of news revealed that the birthplace of Thomas Wolfe in Asheville, North Carolina, was to be torn down at the end of the week. Ever since the previous spring when I had read *Look Homeward, Angel*, I had intended to visit the author's home now open to the public. I had not planned to make the trip, however, until the weather became more pleasant. Now, though, I had no choice; the house would not be standing when I intended to go. After calling a few friends who I thought would be interested in sharing my journey, I found that I would have to go alone. But I did not object and set out for the hour's drive to Asheville.

I had no difficulty in finding the house. It was located one block off the square of the bustling mountain city in a former residential section which has since given way to business establishments. As I entered the front walk, I stood still and looked up at the rambling Victorian structure. At once the pages of *Look Homeward, Angel* appeared before me. The characters in the early life of Wolfe came back to my mind, and I sensed again the joy I had felt from reading the book. While going from room to room in the old home, I could see each member of the family as the author presents him.

I stepped up on the porch. There stood Eugene Gant leaning on the banisters. He was gazing at the "soaring and limitless undulations of [the] blue ranges." From the expression on his face I knew that he was drinking in the sounds, the sights, and the smells around him. The passage in Wolfe's book which shows his great sensitivity to life came back to me:

He felt the infinite depth and width of the golden world in the brief seductions of a thousand multiplex and mixed mysterious odors and sensations, weaving, with a blinding interplay and aural explosions, one into the other.

I moved from the porch into the old-fashioned front hall. Music was pouring from the living room on the left. I peered into the room, and there sat Helen at the upright piano. She was pounding out "On Moonlight Bay" so furiously that the family photographs on the wall seemed to dance. Leaving Helen with her music, I heard the sounds of many voices and of knives and forks clicking on plates. I crossed the hall and went into the dining room. There the boarders were having their midday meal. A woman's voice sounded from the rear of the house. Following this voice, I found Eliza Gant giving orders to her daughter Daisy who was waiting on the tables. "Now, Daisy, don't be giving them too many pieces of chicken. I'll feed my boarders, but we have to save money, you know." I sensed the domination of this little woman over the entire household as she rushed about tending to many things at once—ironing clothes, canning peaches, feeding the boarders, and preparing her own family's meal.

Eager to see what the rest of the house held in store for me, I left the kitchen and climbed the back stairs. I stopped on the landing and looked into a large bedroom. A lanky man was sleeping in the brass bed. On a table were chiseler's tools used in tombstone carving. This person was Oliver, the figurative head of the Gant household. He then awoke and slowly sat up as if he were in pain. "Ben!" he bellowed. A skinny, sallow-complexioned boy came running in. He assisted his father in dressing. I perceived by this action



that the man was gravely ill. Then I remembered that he eventually died from cancer.

As I continued my wanderings through the rest of the old home, I was amazed at the articles, large and small, that Wolfe had mentioned in *Look Homeward, Angel*. The hideous colored bay window in the front upstairs bedroom, the little desk which he used as a child, the book of *Stoddard's Lectures* of his father, and many more other articles were in the home. Wolfe, I found, had not created them out of his imagination but had recorded the things which he remembered from childhood. I then began to realize the close relationship between his work and his life.

While talking with the lady in charge of the house, I told her of my regret in learning that the dwelling was to be torn down. "Oh, no," she told me, "you are thinking of the old birthplace. That is to be razed this week, but this house is owned and operated by the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Association." Then I thought that my visit to this place was not to be the only one.

WHY HAVE COMMISSIONS?

(Continued from page 11)

Christianity involves more than weekly attendance at your neighborhood church and at chapel on Tuesday and Friday. It has been said that "the program of any Christian movement becomes *Christian* when the three elements of worship, study, and action are kept in proper relation to each other."

We have a responsibility toward God and our fellowman to study and think through the vital issues that affect us as Christians. Today we are living in a world filled with revolution and tension. More than ever it is true that "no man is an island and no man stands alone." We are our brother's keeper, no matter if he is a dope addict in the slums of Charlotte or if he is a leader in the Mau Mau uprising.

The obvious question then comes: What can we do as students in a small college secluded from the revolutionary world? It is here that the Student Christian Movement today answers this thought-provoking question. If we are truly *Christians* in the fullest sense of the word, we must become aware of our heritage and also of the world about us through study and work together. The Student Christian Association on our campus seeks to fulfill its Christian responsibility of study together through the efforts of the new commission plan set up this year.

—Mary Miller



Reynolds

114A W. 5th St.

Featuring the newest in College Fashions
for the Smart Collegian.

Compliments of

BAPTIST BOOK STORE

PHONE FR 5-1461

304 N. Tryon



112 West Fifth Street

Telephone FR 6-8561

STEINWAY PIANOS

HAMMOND ORGANS

PORTABLE RADIO AND
RECORD PLAYERS—RECORDS—SHEET MUSIC

ANDREWS MUSIC CO.

"Our 63rd year"

231 N. Tryon St.

TRUCK STOP

MARY ANN DOVER



"Johnnie, when're you gonna get married?"
 "Get married? Hadn't thought much about it," she answered, wiping the counter.

"Why, I thought that was all girls thought about," replied the lanky, sun-burned man with a mouth full of hamburger.

Johnnie ignored him and took a cup of coffee to the man at the other end of the counter. She noticed that he was reading a New York newspaper.

"Sure you won't have somethin' to eat?" she asked hopefully.

"This is fine, thank you."

A little reluctantly Johnnie walked away. She wondered who he was and what he did. He wasn't at all like the other men who came into the cafe. Most of them were truck drivers and farmers. But this one was entirely different. He was wearing a suit, was clean-shaven, and had an air of unassuming dignity about him. Johnnie decided that he was somebody important, like a senator or a famous musician—or a talent scout maybe. He could be a talent scout; he was from New York, or at least he was reading a New York paper. Johnnie hoped fervently that he was a talent scout. If he were, maybe he would notice her and take her to New York. Johnnie had always wanted to go to New York and become a singer. But most of all she wanted to leave the little cafe on the edge of the sweltering Georgia swamp.

"Johnnie, why don't you take off a week and let's me and you get married," suggested the lanky man.

"I'm not in a marryin' mood," Johnnie answered.

"I'm in a marryin' mood, Lester," announced Johnnie's sister Irene who had just come from the kitchen with a plate of food.

"Well, good for you. Hope you find a man. Wish you'd get your sister in the mood," Lester told her.

"I might get in the mood when I find the right man," Johnnie said.

"What's wrong with me? I'm a man."

"That's a matter of opinion," Irene retorted, disgusted that her matrimonial mood had been taken so lightly.

"I said the right man," Johnnie replied. She glanced toward the man at the other end of the counter and raised her voice a little for his benefit. "When I get married, I want to leave this cafe forever. And I don't want to spend my life on no farm raisin' cows and pigs." She walked a little closer to the man reading the New York paper. "In fact, I'd like to get away from this place soon, married or not."

Picking up a broom, she began to sweep the floor near where the man sat, humming as she swept. She glanced at him frequently; and, when she noticed that his coffee cup was empty, she nearly knocked over a stool in her haste to get to him.

"Wouldn't you like another cup of coffee?" she offered.

"Why, yes," he smiled, "I would."

Johnnie felt as if she had won a battle. He had smiled at her and that was something! Tucking a strand of stray hair into place, she wondered how a talent scout went about asking a girl if she'd like to go to New York. She

filled the cup and took it to him, determined to draw him into conversation if she could.

"Uh—you're not from these parts, are you?" she began.

"No," he replied, "I'm not."

"I reckon you think this Georgia heat's pretty bad." She hoped he did, because that would give her a chance to complain about it, too. Then maybe he would say how cool it was in New York, and she could mention how much she would like to go to New York.

"Not at all," the man replied. "I just left Miami, and it was much hotter there than it is here. I must admit it's rather humid here, though."

"Miami," Johnnie repeated. "Do you go there often?" She had read somewhere that talent scouts did.

"Once or twice a year," he said.

"I've never been to Miami."

"Oh, really?" He didn't sound the least bit interested. "You should go sometime. It's a very nice place."

"I've never been to any of the places I really want to go to like Miami or Washington or—or New York."

"New York!" exclaimed Lester, overhearing the remark. "What on earth do you want to go up there for? Air nothin' up there but a lot o' Yankees."

"She wants to go up there and be a singer," Irene said distastefully. "She's always talkin' about it."

Johnnie could have hugged Irene's neck. She glanced at the man, but he hadn't looked up from his paper.

"Be a singer! Lord help, Johnnie, I didn't know you could sing. Sing somethin' for me," Lester said.

Again Johnnie ignored him and went to get a cup of coffee for one of the truck drivers. Then she resumed her sweet humming all the while.

Compliments of

SELWYN HOTEL

Compliments of

SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY SHOP

757 Providence Road

You always meet your friends
when you shop at

E F I R D S

DEPARTMENT STORE

Charlotte, N. C.

"I wonder what that paper is he's readin'," she thought. He seems mighty interested in it. Maybe it's one of them new business papers."

She moved a little closer and craned her neck to see the paper. He was reading stock quotations.

Lester sauntered over to the pinball machine and put some money in it. After a minute or two he hit the machine and said, "Why don't y'all get a decent machine in here? 'Why should we? It's people like you that plays it," Irene said.

"That girl is shore 'nuff mad at the world," Lester announced as Irene disappeared into the kitchen. He ambled over to the window. "Say, what's all them cars stopped out here in the road for? There's a string of 'em as far as I can see."

"They're working on a bridge down the road a ways," said one of the truck drivers. "They don't let but five or six cars go across at a time. Sure is blocking traffic."

"When you're going down a road in Georgia and see a bunch of cars stopped ahead of you, you know one of two things is happening. They're either working on a bridge or there's a cow crossing the road," remarked another truck driver.

"That reminds me," Lester declared. "One o' my cows didn't come home last night. Reckon somebody musta hit her."

"That's the way it is down here," Johnnie sighed to the man who had looked up from his newspaper long enough to glance out the window. "Broken-down bridges and cows roamin' all over the place."

"You don't like it down here?" he asked.

"Oh, yeah, I like it. Best place on earth, I reckon. I've

never been any place but here. I guess that's why I want to get away so bad."

"Everybody wants to get away," he said, folding his newspaper. "That's human nature. It would probably be good for you to get away for awhile."

Johnnie's heart skipped a beat.

"But how am I goin' to get away? Where would I go and what would I do?"

"Well—, don't you have some relatives who live away from here?" he asked.

"Oh, I've got an aunt and uncle in Brunswick, but that's not gettin' away. I'd kinda like to go up North."

"I got some fo'ks in Augusta you could go see," Lester called. "That's north o' here."

"Oh, I mean like New York or some place!" she snapped impatiently. She turned back to the man. "Do you—do you like New York?"

"New York's a fine place if you know your way around."

"Do you think I could—"

"Hey," one of the truck drivers interrupted. "How about another cup of coffee?"

"I think I'll have another hamburger," Lester said. "And don't put no onions on this un. Might as well stick around awhile longer. Don't see no way o' gettin' in the road with that string o' cars out there. Anyhow, I like your company."

Johnnie hurried to get the coffee. She was thoroughly convinced that the man was a talent scout. He obviously was familiar with New York. If she could just talk to him a little longer, maybe he would see how badly she wanted to go to New York and become a singer.

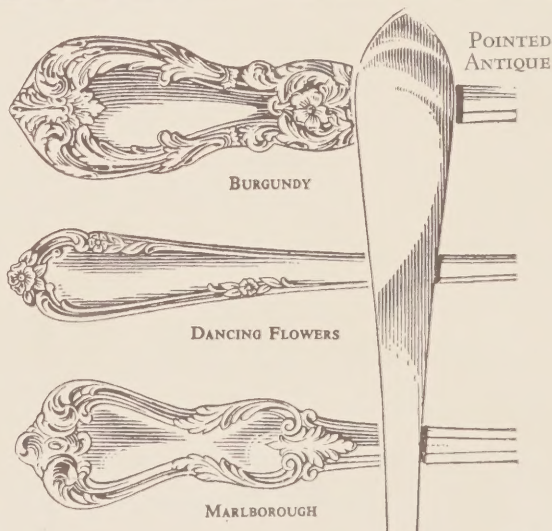
She went into the kitchen to give Lester's order and returned as soon as she could, but not soon enough. She stopped dead in her tracks. At the place where the man had

Goforth's Inc.

Gifts — Cards — Stationery

Telephone FR 5-0027

Selwyn Hotel Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.



No matter what the season, your world-renowned Reed & Barton sterling silver is the focal point of your entertaining, your everyday dining.

Burgundy	\$36.50	Marlborough	\$31.75
Dancing Flowers	\$29.75	Pointed Antique	\$32.50

CLUB AND CHARGE ACCOUNTS

Garibaldi & Bruns

Established 1896

104 S. Tryon Street

been sitting there was only a vacant stool, an empty coffee cup, and a quarter. Open-mouthed and heavy with disappointment, Johnnie watched as her talent scout got into his car and drove away. The car bore a Missouri license plate.

A FRESHMAN SPEAKS

(Continued from page 15)

bined that I will not be recognized. I want friends, new interests, and a chance to serve my God better.

Here I have a door open to allow me the chance to study the subjects I have wanted and to prepare me for my life ahead. I can no longer retire to the quiet, peaceful country when things do not go my way. I am a part of a city of girls, each with her own abilities and dreams. Here I am to live.

Compliments of

ROY S. GARMON AND CO.



GO FINER!

GO FORD!

**GO
SCHWAM**

"What we say it is, it is"

515 E. Fourth St.

FR 7-6581

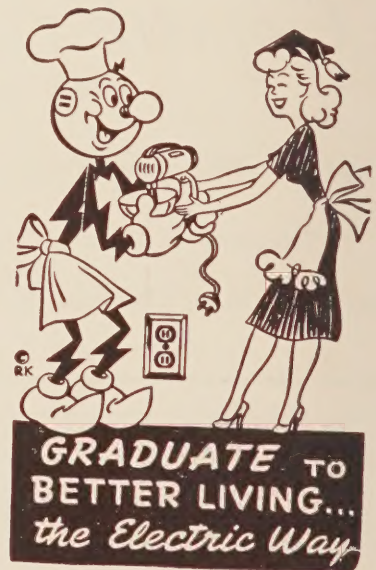
Former Members of the Faculty

Several members of the Queens faculty of last year are not at the college this year. Mrs. Elsie Stokes Moseley, Mrs. Eloise Rankin, and Mrs. Emma Newelt resigned last spring. They have remained in Charlotte with their families, however. Miss Mavis Mitchell is teaching at the University of Maryland. Mr. Edward F. Olechovsky has stayed in Charlotte. He is teaching Latin at Myers Park High School and has a large number of students.

Two former members of the faculty and staff are furthering their educations. Miss Minnie Rob Phaup is working on her Doctor's degree. Miss Ann Perry is at Windham House in New York City. She is taking courses at Union Seminary and General Seminary and will receive her Master's degree from Windham House.

Many of the past members of the Queens faculty have moved to other states. Mr. Carl C. Storey is business manager of the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Connecticut. Mr. David B. Pugh is industrial co-ordinator for the Ohio State Mechanic Institute in Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. William V. Snyder is now teaching in California at Sacramento State College, a division of the University of California. Mrs. Audrey Eichelberger has also moved to California. Dr. Raymond L. Klein is teaching in Connecticut. Mr. William H. Anderson has moved to Florida.

—S.



DUKE POWER COMPANY
Serving the Piedmont Carolinas

WOMANS EXCHANGE

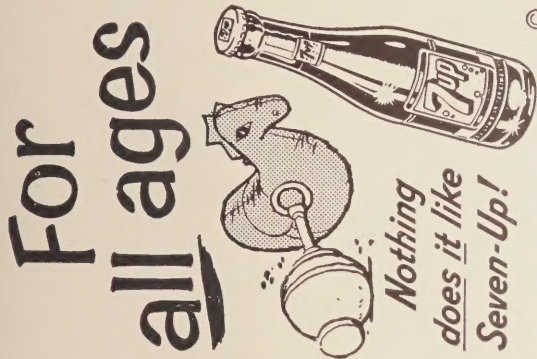
Campus Casuals
in our
Sportswear Department

745 Providence Road
ED 4-2788

BIGGERS BROS., INC.

WHOLESALE
FRUITS AND PRODUCE

CHARLOTTE, N. C.



AL GOODMAN

FINE SHOES

The Home of Capezios



Douglas
ENTERPRISES
DOUGLAS FURS
DOUGLAS CLEANERS
DOUGLAS DRESSES
LAUNDRIANA
(Self Service)
Music
INCORPORATED
(Charlotte's Most Complete Music Center)
Corner of Elizabeth Ave. & Independence Blvd.

COMPLETE COVERAGE

. . . of all important
events . . . local, national and
international . . . plus
scores of interesting and in-
formative features . . .
are yours daily and Sunday in
the columns of

The Charlotte Observer

The Foremost Newspaper of the Carolinas

